

# The Mirror

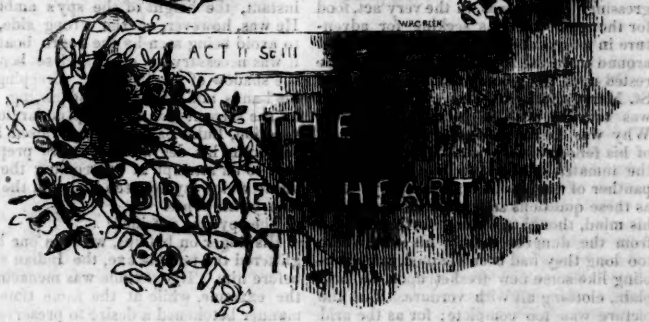
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## THE RED HAND.

## A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

## CHAPTER II.—THE SPY AND THE INDIAN.

No sooner had the party of conspirators left the shore on their way to the tower than one of the heads which had before peeped forth from the bushes was discovered slowly thrusting itself once again into the light. Its owner for some minutes appeared quite undecided whether to allow any larger portion of his precious person to be seen, but at length, gaining courage, and perceiving that the negroes who attended the horses had retreated within the thicket, he stepped lightly from behind the shelter afforded by a peccan tree, and stood upon the beach, gazing anxiously at the mysterious tower.

"Well, I do conclude that's queer work no how you can fix it," muttered he in the elegant slang which took its rise in the puritan drawl, mingled with the dialect of every nation that crossed the Atlantic, and which, less peculiar than now, was still very amusing even so many years back; "what they can want yonder at this time o' night is impossible to guess, but I'm bound to know, or my name's not Luke Salem."

With these words the mysterious New Englander approached the very edge of the water, and began sounding its depth with a stick he carried in his hand.

"Well, it arn't over four fent, I reckon," he said confidently, "and I'll jist follow that boat any haw."

Without more ado, the inquisitive progenitor, doubtless, of some of the smartest men in all creation, at once entered the water, and began wading towards the tower. Cunning and wily in the extreme, he continued to advance without making the slightest noise, his eyes intently fixed all the while upon the light that streamed from the narrow window of the building to which he was, as he would have said, progressing. There was, in the very act, food for thought. He was seeking for adventure in an unknown land, and as he gazed around upon the sombre wood, as his eye rested upon the gloomy and silent tower of St. Mary, the heart even of Luke Salem was touched with a peculiar sensation. Why was he for gain to pry into the acts of his fellows? why was he stealing upon the inmates of the keep like the creeping panther of the woods upon his prey? And as these questions suggested themselves to his mind, thoughts welling forth unbidden from the dungeon cells of his soul, where too long they had been chained, came bubbling like some new freshet upon an arid plain, clothing all with verdure. But the picture was too complete; for as the arid

sun, pouring its torrid heat upon the moist plain, scorches, withers, and cracks, so the fierce lust of gain swept the fragile bark of conscience back to its most secret haven.

But there was a spy upon the spy.

Luke Salem had no sooner discovered himself, and, after mental conference, entered the waters of the lake, which, reaching to his very chin, forced him to give unlimited care to his mode of progression, than another man stood forth also from the shelter of the thicket, and at once, with a calmness and self-possession which were remarkable, prepared to follow him. This man, as far as he could be distinguished by the deceitful light of the moon, was a North American Indian. Tall, slight, and graceful, his form was little concealed by the trammels of dress, while in his hand glittered the shining axe, or tomahawk, which, in the hands of the Columbian aborigines, is so fatal and terrible a weapon. Divesting himself in an instant of every article of clothing, the young and stalwart native stole stealthily in the rear of the white man, moving as he moved, stopping as he stopped, his eye fixed on the figure that slowly advanced in his front.

Meanwhile, Luke Salem had nearly crossed as much of the lake as lay between the shore and the tower, when, making a slight bend in his course to avoid landing at the steps, his ear caught some sound like that of a fellow-creature forcing his way through the waters. Turning sharply round, he could discover no sign of any one in his proximity, but at the distance of a dozen yards there was a rippling motion of the waters.

"A cat-fish leaping, I reckon," muttered Luke, again fixing his gaze intently upon the tower, which he imagined to contain secrets worth their weight in gold. Making a slight diversion, he soon reached the land, and stood beside a wall of low dimensions, running from the water's edge to the tower, and ending just below the window, to be near which formed, at this instant, the height of the spy's ambition. He was, however, on the wrong side, and to avoid being seen by the negro boatman it was necessary to cross it close beneath the shadow of the building. Creeping on his hands and knees, and advancing with all the serpent-like caution peculiar to his vocation, Luke Salem slowly raised himself from his degrading posture preparatory to an attempt at overcoming the obstacle which lay between him and the fruition of his hopes.

The spy was petrified!

His finger on his lips, while in one hand glittered the terrible axe, the Indian stood before him. His attitude was menacing in the extreme, while at the same time his manner betokened a desire to preserve the

strictest silence. Luke was, indeed, too astonished to think, move, or speak. Surprise and terror deprived him of utterance. Within two yards was the window, for a peep through which he would willingly have suffered a night's camping out, or any other inconvenience common to civilised habits; but there, stern as fate, silent as the waning moon, and occupying the post of a sentry, ready to sell his life rather than betray his trust, stood the native. In the elegance of his proportions, in the very position he occupied, in the frown upon his brow, he resembled some Phidian statue cut in marble, and instinct only with the peculiar life and poetry which it is the attribute of genius to strike from the very stones that lie rude and misshapen in the bowels of the earth.

Once satisfied that Luke was perfectly silent, the Indian cautiously stepped over the low wall, and placed himself beside the spy, whom he motioned to retire close to the tower. The New Englander obeyed with a perceptible shudder, as, like all his countrymen, he entertained a very salutary dread of the aborigines of America, and a most serious dislike to being at the mercy of any member of a race which had received so little occasion to be very tender of the life of a white man. Recovering himself, however, and observing that the Indian contented himself with taking up a position which commanded his movements, Luke's thoughts reverted to the disagreeable nature of his disappointment. In the very act of fruition his cup of hope had been dashed from him. Had he been a classical scholar, or had he even read the many recondite authors who love quotation, his ideas would have cogitated over the mythological parable of Tantalus; as it was, he was satisfied with the sensation that he was balked, without being very nice about comparisons. Several times he would have spoken, but on the least evidence of such intention being made manifest, the Indian raised his awful tomahawk, with which he clove, not the spy's head, but his tongue.

In this manner an hour passed, to Luke of excruciating torment, while to the Indian it seemed to be a mere occasion for repose. At length, however, Charon's representative came forth, followed by the whole body of those who had previously entered, and who now hurried to embark and gain the land. Their return to the shores of the lake was effected with rapidity, and soon the galloping of horses proclaimed that the party of conspirators were once more on their way to New Orleans. Luke now hoped for a reprieve, but none came. The Indian was silent, motionless, and stern.

Presently the door again opened, while the boat before mentioned came to the

tower. This time but one man came forth; it was the Monk, who, his face bent upon the ground, his whole mien exhibiting deep thought, walked slowly to his elegantly-shaped cutter, and seating himself, silently waved his hand to the rowers, who, with one accord, bent to their oars, like men who worked with a will.

As soon as this party was out of sight, the Indian spoke.

"My white brother is very curious to see the Tower of St. Mary. The door is open. Let him go in."

"Well, I'm bound to say that beats me! What on 'arth, Ingin, do I want inside the tower?" exclaimed the irritated spy, "now. All I want is to go, and make no locrum about it."

"The door is open," replied the imper-turbable Indian; "my brother can go in."

"But I tell you, Ingin," said Luke, "I shall git to Orleans over and above late. I must start right off."

"The Red Hand says the door of the tower is open," continued the Indian.

Luke started. The name—that of a young, bold, and warlike chief—sounded in his ears like a knell, for now the spy knew he was in the power of the monk, the Red Hand being looked upon as one who, imbued with lofty views by his instrumentality, was his blind and devoted adherent. None knew when or where they met, the Red Hand being never seen in New Orleans except at the house of Maximilian de Chazal, the volatile, easy, and rich cousin of Leone. What cord bound the Indian to the monk was a secret, unless it were the influence his loftiness and nobility of character exercised even upon the savage; but to Maximilian he was knit by ties of deep and lasting gratitude. The Red Hand, in early youth, had, at the peril of Maximilian's life, been saved from an ignominious death, and the Indian's heart swelled with all the loftiest emotions of friendship.

Luke Salem, who was, from mere wilfulness, it seemed, patronised by Maximilian, would elsewhere have counted on him to obtain impunity from the Indian; but here, on the Monk's own ground, his heart was filled with apprehension. Following the young chief, however, the New Englander's heart revived within him on entering the tower, where he found the old negro boatman busily engaged in preparing a savoury meal, if one were to judge from the delicious steam that exhaled from a huge pot slung over a small fire.

The Red Hand pointed to a chair near the table, and then with a politeness of manner and care which would have done credit to a ball-room, dropped at once the menacing character of a victor, and assumed that of a host.

"The white man is tired; let him rest. He is hungry; let him eat."

Luke required not twice telling, and falling to, found that the pleasing odour had not deceived him. The supper was excellent, and when, about an hour later, the Red Hand, after informing him that he was a prisoner until further orders, pointed to an upper room as his place for the night, the spy retired to rest, with the idea that he had fallen into hands not at all so unpromising as he expected.

(To be continued.)

### THE TRIAL OF BEAUVALLON.

[From our contemporary the *Athenaeum*, with whose strictures we cordially coincide.]

Paris, March 28.

The Paris papers, of this week, will furnish you with matter for an article on crime and criminal procedure quite as curious as any that can be suggested by the work of Feurbach, reviewed in your last number. The trial of M. de Beauvallon, for the murder of M. Dujarier, is certainly, even in a technical point of view, one of the most astonishing exhibitions that France, fertile in scenes of the kind, has presented. But I leave these considerations to those *à qui de droit*.

What must strike every one in this horrible *drame* (to use the slang in which these men of stony hearts and frothy brains talk of the tragical realities of life) is not the blackness or atrocity of the individual crime, but the abject and frightful immorality of a class. The crimes recorded in Feurbach's very curious book are distinct and individual. Each criminal is completely *abnormal*. He no more represents a class, or indicates a state of society, than a man with two hands or one eye does. Each is a study of human nature in its widest aberrations; and Riembaner is no more to be taken as a specimen of German priests, than the female poisoner, of German housekeepers.

And what is the class, whose outward and inward life here lies open to our view? Is it the poor ignorant husbandmen, abandoned to the dim perceptions of right and wrong, which they can pick out from the vague and often unintelligible instruction they receive? Or the manufacturing population of crowded cities—that fermenting mass of wants and passions? Or soldiers, in all the recklessness of constant danger and constant familiarity with blood? No; none of these hardly tried and tempted men offer so afflicting a spectacle as that here represented by the teachers of a great country; its *hommes de lettres*, the *gérants responsables* of its journals.

This is a striking proof of the inefficacy of law, unsupported by religion, morality, or conscience. How little is it that law can do towards giving a healthful or useful direction to the Press! It is manifest, from their own words, that not one individual of all those concerned has the faintest idea of moral responsibility in any of its bearings; yet these are, or aspire to be, the directors of the public mind of France. The deplorable thing is, that the French public should accept them as directors; for, after all, if their writings were not acceptable they would not continue to exercise their noxious calling, still less to make large and rapid fortunes by it. It appears, on evidence, that the miserable victim of this act of butchery had suddenly risen from poverty to affluence; indeed, the *luxe élégant* in which he lived is mentioned by a witness as one of the causes of the envy and hostility of which he was the object.

*Je suis marchand*, says one of these literary purveyors, with cynical effrontery, and I give the public what it will buy. Alas; it seems they understand their trade, and their customers, but too well. Till now, we were disposed to regard M. de Balzac's frightful delineation of the literary world of Paris as the fiction of an offended vanity, left behind in the career of bad popularity. But the facts disclosed in the Court of Justice of Rouen exceed in moral degradation all that even he has imagined or copied. The scene of the quarrel—an *orgie* with all its accompaniments of actresses, gambling, &c.; the coarse offensive personalities spoken by the men to each other; the nameless outrages addressed to the wretched, defenceless women (doubly defenceless being what they are); the strange mixture of fine-sounding names (most of them have the aristocratic prefix) with the foulest and coarsest manners;—all this forms a combination which the corruptest imagination has not yet surpassed.

Then the various accessories: the sentiments of the murdered man, overruled by the persuasions of the *soubrette* of the actress at whose invitation he went to the fatal party, all stated in the indictment; the quarrels between the "*Presse*" and the "*Epoque*;" the accused, M. de Beauvallon (who had stolen a watch from the chimney-piece of "a lady" of his acquaintance, and pawned it) reiterating in his statement, or defence, or whatever it may be called, about fifty times, that he was *blessé* by M. Dujarier's manner;—that this and that were *blessant*;—that he was (save the mark!) *blessé dans son honneur*; the same man pronounced to be *très gentil-homme*, by young M. Dumas; the poor degraded actresses, covered with all the mire and filth cast upon them from the lips of

their friends, calling each other "*ces dames*," with the complacency of gentlewomen; the ladies banded to and fro (especially about the pistols): but the *étude des mœurs* before us is far too curious to admit of a hasty summing up like this!

Such then—oh grief and shame!—such are "*hommes de lettres*" and "*artistes*;" for these are the once glorious, but now dishonoured, titles by which the parties and witnesses, male and female, are designated in the legal instrument. *LUTTERIES* and *ARTS*!—oh, sacred gifts of the gods to ages more worthy of them, into what hands are ye fallen—to what base uses are ye turned! Here is a spectacle to lower the pride of legislators and politicians. What will they do—what can they do—to remedy this evil? The waters of Helicon are becoming fouler than a sewer—how are they to be purified! "The full mid-day-beam" of truth and knowledge, "the fountain of heavenly radiance," which the blind eyes of Milton beheld when he wrote his immortal Essay "On the Liberty of Unlicenced Printing"—to what a "foul and pestilent congregation of vapours" is it turned! And what cure can we find? Religion, christianity? Yes, no doubt; but try to preach it to these scared consciences and stony hearts!

So long as the public feed on garbage, purveyors of garbage will abound, and will be—what we here see them.

This trial is the most melancholy thing I remember to have read: and if strangers feel it to be so, what must it be to the honourable and conscientious men who worthily hold the great inheritance of letters and arts in France? They are yet so noble and so strong a band that it is impossible to despair of the press in their country. But they must be vigilant, energetic, inexorable. The love of truth and of country must make them more active than the love of gain and of sensual delights makes those who corrupt their country and scoff at truth. They must admit of no dangerous compromise with vice—they must not accept *esprit* as compensation for all the qualities and dispositions that give it value—they must hold their legs over the abused people—they must enlighten their ignorance, provide safe and agreeable amusement, arouse noble curiosity, adorn truth and science and virtue, by every holy art they can call to their aid. For the sake of their great and powerful country, for the sake of humanity, we earnestly hope that they may set themselves manfully and steadily to the work. They alone can rescue the press from the hands into which it has fallen. Let them calculate with accuracy what government can do to redress this worst and greatest of social evils; and they will see how vast and how serious is the duty that devolves on themselves.

We may have a word or two more to offer on the matter of this trial, and the duel which was its subject: but before we do so, it is proper we should let our readers see that we do not overlook what is passing amongst ourselves—nor select to draw the examples for our moral remonstrances from the errors of our neighbours. They will have seen, by a verdict recently delivered at Winchester, how little improvement has yet been effected in the public mind on the question of duelling:—how much the judgment of juries is still under the influence of fallacies which had at no time any chance against the commonest applications of logic, and have now lost the authority on which they rested, in its stead. It will readily be believed that we desire to give our remarks no particular application to the immediate case which has suggested them; that we make no attempt at the qualification of its especial incidents, and no reference to the parties whom they involved—alluding to it at all only as a fresh instance of a general miscalculation which we deplore, and looking on the names mixed up with it as simply A and B. Strange and baffling it is to find juries not only persist in declaring that men who go out with weapons in their hands, for the deliberate and avowed purpose of taking each other's lives, are not guilty of murder when the death they had so premeditated ensues—but, for the purpose of such declaration, systematically defying the positive prescriptions of law and its interpretation by the judges, which, on most other occasions, they are so careful to accept as the authority for their decisions. The argument of motive, which juries will entertain in such cases, would modify the complexion of nine-tenths of all the crimes that are committed against society—rendering the applications of law impossible: while, in the particular case of murder, according to its mere technical definition, to prove the motive is, as the judge who presided on the occasion in question well observed, to prove the malice which is its ingredient—and which the law must otherwise have inferred from the circumstances that attended the going out. Some very dangerous arguments were used by counsel for the defence—which sound, however, so absurd, addressed to the reason of this educated age, that we should not have believed they could now be dangerous, but for the result. According to Mr. Cockburn, society must tolerate either the duellist or the assassin; poison and the knife are the alternatives, where man may not "meet man upon the bright and chivalrous ground of vindicating their honour." Italy, Spain, and Portugal, he says, wanting the duel as a practice, take to the stiletto; and, amongst ourselves, the former is part of a social code which "grew out of that nice and delicate sense of honour which is the



distinguishing feature of the English gentleman, and to abrogate it would strip Englishmen, of every class, of those high qualities of manliness and fair dealing with each other which they now exhibit,—introducing “meanness, baseness, treachery, and cowardice,” in their stead. Nowhere but at an advocate’s bar could we expect to hear language so inconsequent offered for the acceptance of the times. Reason, religion, morality, and logic are alike ashamed of it;—and it is not too much to hope that juries might be so, too. Besides that it directly recognises “the wild justice of revenge” in one form or other—and reasserts the old savage absurdity, that the stain on one man’s reputation can be washed out in the blood of another—the unauthorised use of the pistol is a practice as barbarous as that of the Italian’s *soiletto*—with this addition to its barbarism, that it is utterly illogical. The vengeance of the latter, if not justifiable, is at least intelligible; but the retribution for a wrong inflicted which puts the wrong-doer and the wronged on equal ground, and leaves accident to decide by which of the two it shall be paid, is a stupid blunder, beside which the merest games of children have a significance and a purpose. Not even its ferocity can take off the ridicule of this strange version of the play, “double or quit.” This giving to the man who has stolen your coat a chance for the rest of your garments is a burlesque upon a scriptural prescription, only not laughable because it is something so much worse. Then, for mis-statement:—the jury were reminded that, in this case, the defendant belonged to a profession “in which a refusal to give, or claim, satisfaction would stamp the individual with an ignominy and a disgrace which no after-conduct could obliterate”—that, as a soldier, in fact, he is of necessity a law-breaker. Now, this the learned counsel knows well is not the case; and surely the jury whom he addressed must have known it, too. Among the many earnest expressions in condemnation of this detestable practice which late years have produced, not only is one a public association, comprising many honourable names amongst all those classes which were once alleged as the especial authorities for the duel—including both arms of the service—but there is an order from the Horse-Guards itself, of some standing, expressly directed against it, and making it a merit for the soldier to refuse its demands. In aid of these, it remains but for juries to do their part; and that part is the simple and direct one of giving no false and evasive reading of the law. The appeal to public opinion, on which the duel has lived in defiance of morals and of common sense, receives a continued sanction from these repeated legal acquittals,

that thwarts and contradicts the other organs of that opinion by which it is now solemnly denounced. One decision, in which a jury should affix the penalty of legal infamy—the felon brand—to that offence which society is condemning, would do all that is wanting. What Mr. Cockburn calls “the vindication of personal honour by the arbitrament of arms,” will be at an end when the penalties of *dishonour* are unflinchingly and unmistakably attached to it by the law; and the anachronism will be at length effectually banished from what he (speaking as an advocate) considers its necessary place in the “code of English gentlemen.”

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

[From *The Trapper’s Bride*.]

No sooner was darkness clearly triumphant over day than the two friends emerged from their hiding-place, and prepared for their night adventure. Pierre was to descend into the valley alone, and there, if possible, obtain conference with his mistress, which occurrence it was improbable would happen ere morning, while Ephraim was to remain still concealed, and when, at early dawn, the horses were led up to pasture on the hill prairies, his duty was to select three of the best, and, eluding the vigilance of the guards, to appropriate them to his own purposes. Such a proceeding would, in other localities, be designated by a very harsh name; but on the prairies, where the hand of every man is against that of every man, such things will ever be considered in the light of a laudable deed, for executing which with acuteness a man may be praised, while for so doing no reasonable individual could think of blaming another.

Pierre, these arrangements being fully understood on both sides, resigned his rifle, shot-pouch, and powder-horn, reserving only his knife, and began grooping his way down the path which led into the depths of the valley. Though steep and rugged, it was still sufficiently marked to be followed with ease. At times it was a narrow ledge along the face of a rock, with a deed and gloomy gulf below; then it made its way through a dark gully, winding, twisting, turning; now a broad road, then a mere bridle path; now bare as the naked hand, then thickly overhung with bushes; now flat and even, then suddenly pitching down at an angle of forty-five degrees, and not unoften forcing the wearied trapper to climb a steep ascent ere he again proceeded on his journey downwards.

As it was necessary to exert the utmost caution, nearly an hour was consumed in the task, which at length brought the

young trapper into a narrow gap or fissure in the rock, at the extremity of which the path seemed to end abruptly. Groping his way, however, on, and guided in part by the recollection of many circumstances related to him by Moama, Pierre advanced, and next moment found himself within the pitchy gloom of a mountain cavern.

Unlike, however, ordinary caves, it was very narrow, both sides being within reach of a man's hands; and though its cold and damp chilled him to the very bones, on went the young trapper, until, having made considerable way through the darkness, he suddenly turned a corner, and stood, startled and astonished, half blinded by the brilliance of a glaring light, on the verge of whose circles he had almost entered.

When his eyesight returned to him, which it did by slow degrees, Pierre found himself close upon the spot occupied by the joyous dancers, male and female, who, hand in hand, and in a vast ring, ran round a huge pile of blazing logs, screaming, laughing, singing, in the most uncouth and wild manner, but apparently fully wrapped up in the enjoyment of what was for the moment the sole object of their happy thoughts.

Nearly naked, their long black hair loosely waving round their heads, the red glare of the fire illuminating their dusky limbs, while many wore hideous masks, and all the men were frightfully painted, with the unearthly howls and whoop in which they occasionally indulged, the scene was no unfit representative of Pandemonium, though with many a softer feature in the shape of the clean-limbed girls that in nature's garb gambolled around with the sterner sex.

Beyond lay the village, where all was hushed and still, save where, behind the wigwams,

"Steed threaten'd steed in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear."

Pierre drew back into the very depths of that portion of the cave which commanded a view of the camp, and there, leaning against the wall, waited the progress of events, his knife clutched fiercely, and his whole frame braced for action in case of a discovery. As to struggle with the odds against him would be but madness, his sole idea in case of his presence being betrayed was flight.

The dance was evidently nearly over; many fell gradually off; no additional logs were heaped upon the fire, which slowly decreased in size, its hot embers sending forth even a more ghastly glare than the sparkling flames; the maidens too were creeping away, while the young men were not slow to follow. Pierre breathed more freely as the noise of the dance was gra-

dually hushed, and, silence gaining rapid ground, soon was utterly master of the field.

The girls tripped away lightly to their warm wigwams, the men followed with their ever stealthy cautious tread, and the fire was at length deserted. No! one solitary figure lingers beside its dying embers, gazing with singular intentness upon the glowing coals. It seemed some spectre, the spirit perhaps of neglected mirth, so silent, sad, and solemn were its movements. The heart of the young Swiss trapper beat warmly, the blood sped courser-like through his tingling veins, an anxious sensation filled his heart, as he gave a low, almost inaudible whistle, and then paused for the result.

The figure turned sharply, and then, resuming its attitude of deep reflection, paid no further attention to the hunter's signal. His heart seemed leaping upward to his throat, his teeth were clinched violently, and a cold tremor shook his whole frame, as it flashed across him that by that dim glimmering light his eyes had deceived him.

Presently the figure turned again, walked slowly and solemnly towards him, until within the shadow of the cave; then the bounding step of a light-heeled Indian girl brought Moama to the arms of her anxious but delighted lover. The moments which followed were most sweet and joyous; he, glad of the happy issue of his journey, clasped his handsome prize to his heart—she, proud of the difficulties he had overcome to win her, gave no restraint unto her feelings. Some quarter of an hour of time flew by, and then Pierre spoke in a more connected manner than he had yet been able to assume, urging the girl to fly at once. She however demurred when he alluded to the capture of the horses.

"The nest of Moama will be empty, the eagle eye of the red man will see that the long knife is near, that the Flower of the Eutaw valley has fled with the mountain hunter. Moama must sleep in the wigwam of her fathers one night more."

The girl's voice was plaintive and sad, as if she regretted to leave the happy home which had so long known her; but the voice of love was too powerful, and stilled every other emotion.

Pierre was forced to agree that her proposition was wiser than his own, and accordingly after a few more words of endearment the lovers parted.

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How thoroughly comprehensive is the account of Adam, as given at the bottom of the old picture in the Vatican!—"Adam, divinitus edoctus, primus scientiarum et litterarum inventor."

### GEORGE WACHS, OR THE MARCH OF CRIME.

In Lady Duff Gordon's Narrative of Remarkable Trials, translated from Von Feuerbach, the case of George Wachs most forcibly arrests attention; not merely because it is dismal, but because the sinner proceeded, led by temptation, from innocence to guilty avarice; from avarice to crime; and from one crime to another, and another; and we have thus a most solemn commentary on the importance of the Scripture admonition, "Let him who stands take heed lest he fall."

George Wachs was a carpenter's apprentice. His character was not remarkably good. Indolence and careless dissipation were imputed to him, but nothing very serious appeared against him till he committed the atrocious deeds Lady Gordon thus describes:—

"About two miles beyond Vilsbiburg, in the district of the Isar, on an eminence at two hundred paces from several mills, stands a solitary cottage called the Raschenhäuschen. This belonged to a poor honest shoemaker of about forty-two years age, named James Huber, who lived there with his wife Elizabeth and his three children—Catherine, a girl of nine; Michael, a boy of three; and a baby of two months old. One half of the cottage, with a separate entrance, was let to a day-labourer called Maier, and his family. Maier returned from his day's labour with his wife at about half-past six in the evening of Maunday Thursday, 8th of April, 1819, and was surprised at the unusual quiet of his neighbour's cottage; none of the shoemaker's family were to be seen or heard. Maier's sister-in-law, Maria Wieser, who had stayed at home all day, had seen the shoemaker's wife leave her house at about three and return home at six: she had heard her knock at the door and laugh aloud when it was opened to her, as if she was astonished at finding the door locked so early in the day, or as if some unexpected guest had advanced to meet her as she crossed the threshold. Since that time Maria Wieser had seen nothing of the shoemaker's family. On the following morning, too, the Hubers gave no token of their existence: no smoke came out of their chimney, the house-door remained closed; nothing stirred within, and continued knocking and calling produced no effect. At length, the daughter Catherine, with her face bloody and disfigured, looked out of the upper window, but was too much frightened to come down. After many earnest entreaties she at length opened the house-door. The first object that met the eyes of those who entered was the corpse of Elizabeth Huber bathed in blood. The body of little Michael was next found

rolled up like a hedge-hog between the lowest of the stairs which led to the upper floor and a chest near them. The shoemaker's large iron hammer lay on the floor of the workshop, which was covered with blood, more especially all round the bench, which was upset: on the floor of the bedroom, near the bed, Huber was found lying dead, with his face towards the ground. On the bed, near its father's dead body, the infant slept unhurt, though half-starved with cold. All the bodies were in their usual dresses, and the shoemaker had on his leather apron. As there were no traces of violence on the outside of the house, which might lead to the supposition of housebreakers, the first impression was that the family might have done the deed themselves; but the overturned stool, round which was a pool of blood, and the awl drawn half through some leather which lay upon the table—these and several other circumstances clearly proved that the shoemaker must have been struck down while seated at his work, and afterwards dragged into the bed-room; besides, the appearance of the upper rooms proved that a robbery had been committed there. Several closets had been broken open with some sharp instrument, their contents tossed about in great disorder, and a hatband and buckle, which was probably of silver, cut off the shoemaker's hat. The first glance, therefore, proved beyond doubt that this triple murder must have been committed by one or more robbers, who had either stolen in to the house during the day, or found some pretext for staying there openly. Wachs was arrested, and confessed the crime. He was the son of a small farmer, and but nineteen years of age. With his master's leave, Wachs left home at eight o'clock in the morning of Maunday Thursday, the 8th of April, with the intention of making his Easter confession at Vilsbiburg. On his way he met Matthias Hingerl, a peasant's son, who was going to fetch his watch, which he had left to be mended at a watchmaker's, and which he wanted to wear during the approaching Easter festivities. George Wachs having unexpectedly found an agreeable companion, thought that any other day in the week would do as well for confessing, and spent the greater part of the morning at Vilsbiburg, not in the church, but in the public-houses, drinking beer and talking, chiefly about women and other adventures. Hingerl showed him his watch, which he had fetched from the watchmaker; and although George Wachs said nothing at the time, we may infer, from what subsequently happened, that the sight of this enviable possession painfully recalled to his recollection that, although he certainly had good clothes for the next Easter Sunday,



he was still without a watch. At about noon they both went merrily towards home, but stopped by the way at a village, where they drank three quarts more of beer, and then continued their journey. George Wachs, who, as well as his companion, had drunk a good deal, but not enough to affect his senses, was exceeding merry and noisy, sang, and rolled his hat along before him, ran after it, and played all manner of childish tricks. After accompanying Hingerl about two miles farther, he took leave of him, and said he was going to turn back, but did not say whether he was going or what he wanted. Hingerl had, however, previously remarked that Wachs walked lame, and on asking the reason, Wachs told him that he had cut his foot with a hatchet, and must have his boot mended before Easter Sunday. With this object only, so at least the accused declared on every examination, he turned back and went to the shoemaker's house, which he reached at about three, and where he found the shoemaker's wife and children, and some girls from the neighbouring mill. Before long, James S—came in and cut the shoemaker's hair, after which he went away again. It was not till then that the shoemaker set to work upon Wachs' boot; Wachs meanwhile played with the children, and took particular notice of little Michael, to whom he gave a carnival-cake. After his boot had been mended, and he had stayed some time with the shoemaker, he wished, according to his own account at least, to go away at about four o'clock, and he asked the shoemaker whether his clock was right? whereupon the latter told him that it was too slow by a quarter of an hour, and desired his wife to fetch him his silver watch from up stairs that he might wind it up. After bringing the watch to her husband, who wound it up, and hung it upon a nail in the wall beside him, she left the house and went to Sölling to buy fish for the next day. The children also went out to play in the garden with their companions, and George Wachs was left alone with the shoemaker in the workshop. Wachs asserted that he would have gone away with the wife, had not the shoemaker detained him, saying, 'Stop a bit longer; you cannot do much more to day, and I shall be dull all by myself.' The wife was very unwilling to leave the stranger alone with her husband. At Sölling, she told Mary Z— that 'Schneeweisser's apprentice had already been three hours at her house; that the young man was drunk, and that she disliked his way of talking, which was so strange that it made her laugh at one moment and frightened her the next.' A fortnight before this, Wachs had been at the shoemaker's on a Sunday morning to

have his boots mended, and she now said to Mary Wiesers, 'That fellow is at my house whom I dislike for coming during church time. Wachs had no idea of committing the crime he subsequently perpetrated, when his manner arrested the wife's attention.' He says—

"When the woman was gone,—these are the criminal's own words,—we talked over a variety of indifferent matters, and for a long while no evil thought crossed my mind, although the watch was hanging before my eyes the whole time. All at once it struck me how beautiful the watch was. I took it from the wall, examined it closely, opened it, and asked the shoemaker how much it had cost. He told me that with a silver chain and seal, the watch had cost fourteen florins, but that the chain was up-stairs, in the cupboard, as he only wore it on holidays, when I should be able to see it. I remarked that I had a mind to buy them, if I could ever get together enough money, and he appeared quite willing to sell them. I could not get the watch out of my head: I walked up and down the room with my eyes fixed upon it, and the thought struck me that I would run off with it as soon as the shoemaker had left the room. But he never stirred from his seat, and continued hard at work upon the upper-leathers of a pair of shoes. The desire for the watch grew upon me every moment, and as I walked up and down the room, I turned over in my own mind how I could get possession of it; and as the shoemaker still sat at his work, it suddenly came across me—suppose I were to kill him? There lay the hammer: I took it up before the shoemaker's face and pretended to play with it; but I did not hit him directly, because I kept thinking to myself that I ought not to kill him. I walked up and down behind his back for some minutes with the hammer in my hand, but still in doubt. Then my longing after the watch gained the upper hand, and I said to myself, now is the time, otherwise the wife will be here too! and just as the shoemaker was most busily at work, I raised the hammer and struck him with it, as hard as I could on the left temple; he fell from his seat covered with blood, and never moved or uttered a sound. I felt sure that I could kill him with one blow. I should think that a quarter of an hour must have elapsed while I went up and down the room thinking how I could get the watch: at length I struck the blow, and this was my last and worst thought. It must have been in an unlucky hour that the desire for the watch took so strong a hold of me. I had never thought about it before; nor should I have entered the shoemaker's house, but for my torn boot. As soon as the shoe maker was down, I put

the watch into my pocket and went up stairs to look for the chain. The key was in the door of the closet in the upper bedroom; and as I thought that they were sure to keep their best things there, I looked in it for the chain, which I did not find; but there were two sheep-skins, which I took. Just as I was going down stairs with the sheep-skins, I saw two other closets on the landing; I therefore turned back and broke them open with a hoe: thinking that perhaps I should now find the chain which belonged to the watch, I turned everything over, but did not find the chain; however I did find six florins in half-florin pieces, thirty kruzers, and a silver hat-buckle. In the same place also was a hat with a silver filigree buckle, which I cut off, and put in my pocket.' (He then enumerated all the articles which he had taken; the value of all he stole, including the watch, which had cost nine florins, amounted to about thirty-three florins, or £2 15s.) He then proceeded:—'My chief object was still to find the silver chain, and it was only during my search for it that the other things fell in my way, and that I took them. When I had got all these things, I returned to the workshop to take a piece of leather, and perceived that the shoemaker still breathed: I therefore gave him a few more blows on the temple with the hammer, and then I thought I had better remove him into the bed-chamber, so that his wife might not see him immediately upon entering the house. I accordingly dragged him out of the shop into the chamber near the bed.' \* \* \*

After dragging the murdered man into the chamber, and filling his own pockets with leather enough to make a pair of boots, in addition to the other articles, George Wachs was on the point of leaving the house when the two children met him at the door on their return from play. These children had seen him during nearly half the day, and knew him: if they remained alive, he was betrayed. There could be no doubt as to what his safety required: no choice was left him: the thought and the deed were one. He seized the little boy, and dashed him upon the ground at the foot of the stairs with such violence that the death-rattle was in his throat in a moment. He then flung Catherine with equal violence under the stairs, among a mass of wood and iron; but the girl after lying stunned for a short time, got up again and endeavoured to reach the inner room to seek protection from her father: the murderer then took up the hammer from the ground, struck the child with it about the face and head, and again threw her under the stairs among a heap of old wood and iron, where she lay motionless, and he concluded her to be dead. Little Michael,

however, still breathed. 'When I saw,' continued the murderer, 'that I had thrown him with such violence that he could not survive, I gave him a few blows on the head with the hammer to put him out of his misery. I then threw him between the steps and an old chest, so that they might not find him directly.' This second business was now over; but, before he was well aware of it, a bloody harvest had sprung up under his hands for the seeds he had sown. As soon as the children had shared their father's fate, he again prepared for flight, but first looked out at the window to see whether any one was near who might observe him. Just then a man drove by in a cart, and he was forced to wait until it was out of sight. At last he thought he might escape in safety; but on putting his head out at the door to see if any one was near, he beheld the shoemaker's wife returning from Sölling; she had already turned off the road into her garden, and was only a few steps from the house, which he could not leave without running directly into her hands. It was clear then, that he must stay and murder her too, as he had already murdered her husband and children. 'When I saw the woman coming, I said to myself, now I cannot escape; I am lost, and I must kill her too. So I shut the door, seized the hammer, and held it with one hand hidden under my coat, while I opened the door with the other; the shoemaker's wife entered laughing, and said, Why, you have looked yourselves in! I made no answer. As soon as she entered the room she turned towards the chest which stood near the entrance, and which I had left open after my search for the chain. I stood behind her, nearest the door, and before she was aware of it I struck her such a heavy blow with the hammer on the left temple, that she instantly fell close to the chest, and only cried in a low voice, Jesus, Maria! I saw that she could not recover, and gave her several more blows on the head to put her out of her misery. I then dragged her on one side towards the inner room, so that people should not tread upon her as they entered the room. I then went into the inner room, threw a napkin full of eggs, which the woman had brought, into the grate, and the hammer on the ground,—hastily took up the little baby, which was lying on the bench, and laid it upon the bed in the back room, for fear it should fall and be hurt. I then left the house in perfect security, locked the front door, and then went straight home to my master's house, where I arrived at about half-past six. The whole affair could not have lasted an hour. It was past five when I struck the shoemaker, and by six the wife was killed. If it had not been for the watch-chain, I

should not have got into all this trouble, and nobody would have been killed but the shoemaker. I never once thought of killing the wife and the children."

While the wretched assassin was engaged in his work of blood, the poor little girl, supposed by him to be killed, was the unobserved beholder of his doings. She appeared against him in due course. He was condemned, and beheaded by the sword.

## OBSELETE PUNISHMENTS.

### THE CUCKING-STOOL.

[From the *Archæological Album*, edited by T. Wright, Esq. A beautifully illustrated work, published by Chapman and Hall.]

During the middle ages, the corporations of towns had the right of independent legislation within their own liberties, and they took cognisance of many offences which were not provided against by the law of the land. Hence, various modes of inflicting punishment came into usage, which, with the gradual disappearance of the last traces of the medieval system and of mediæval manners, have become entirely obsolete. Men are now no longer placed in the pillory, and they are seldom fixed in the stocks. Many years have passed away since the offending woman was subjected to that most disgraceful of trials,—

"—mounted in a snair curule,  
Which moderns call a cucking-stool."

Hudibras, whose words we have just quoted, further characterises this invention as

"—an antichristian opera,  
Much used in midnight times of popery,  
Of running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane intentions,  
To scandalise that sex for scolding,  
To whom the saints are so beholden."

It is, however, to be presumed that the cucking-stool has fallen into disuse from the general improvement in the education and manners of the offending sex. It is but too certain that, during the middle ages, the female portion of the population, in the middle and lower classes, was, in general, neither virtuous nor amiable. It may seem strange to us that it should ever have been thought necessary to punish thus disgracefully a woman for the too free use of her tongue; but in the turbulent independence which reigned among the inhabitants of the mediæval towns, the unruly member was not unfrequently the cause of riots and feuds which endangered the public peace to a greater degree than we can now easily conceive.

The cucking-stool, which we cannot trace out of our island, appears to have been in use in the Saxon times. It is distinctly mentioned in the Domesday Book

as being then employed in the city of Chester. The name means simply a *cathedra stercoris*, and it is not improbable that originally the punishment consisted only in the disgrace of being publicly exposed, seated upon such an article, during a certain period of time, the process of ducking being a subsequent addition. Borlase, in his "Natural History of Cornwall," describes the cucking-stool used in that part of the country as "a seat of infamy, where scolds, with bare foot and head, were condemned to abide the derision of those that passed by, for such time as the bailiffs of manors, which had the privilege of such jurisdiction, did approve." According to the Scottish "Burrow Lawes," as declared in the "Regiam Majestatem," an ale wife, "gif she makes evil ail, contrair to the use and consuetude of the burgh, and is convict thereof, shee sall pay ane unlaw of aucht shillings, or sal suffer the justice of the burgh, that is, shee sall be put upon the cock stule." In 1555 it was enacted by the queen-regent of Scotland, that itinerant singing-women should be put upon the cuck-stoles of every burgh or town; and the first "Homily against Contention," part 3, published in 1562, sets forth that "in all well-ordered cities, common brawlers and scolders be punished with a notable kind of paine, as to be set on the cucking-stole, pillory, or such like." By the statute of 3 Hen. VIII, carders and spinners of wool, who were convicted of fraudulent practices, were to be sett upon the pillorie or cucking stole, man or woman, as the case shall require." The manner in which these passages are worded would lead us to suppose that the offenders were not ducked; and in some instances the cucking-stool appears to have been stationary in a part of the town removed from the water. It also appears that in earlier times the cucking-stool was a punishment for women for various offences. At Sandwich, as we learn from Boys's "History," a punishment co-existing with the cucking-stool, and, like it, intended to expose the offender to public disgrace, was that of the "wooden-mortar." In 1518, a woman, for speaking abusively to the mayor of Sandwich, was sentenced to go about the town with the mortar carried before her. In 1534, two women were banished from Sandwich, for immoral behaviour; it was ordered by the court that "if they return one of them is to suffer the pain of sitting over the 'coqueen'-stool, and the other to be set three days in the stocks, with an allowance of only bread and water, and afterwards to be placed in the 'coqueen'-stool and dipped to the chin." There appears to be here a distinction made, which would show that the dipping was not the usual punishment of the cuck-

ing-stool. Two other incidents from the annals of Sandwich will explain the punishment of the mortar. In 1561, a woman, for scolding, was sentenced to sit in the stocks, and bear the mortar round the town; and in 1637, a woman, for speaking abusively of the mayoress, was condemned to carry the wooden mortar "throughout the town, hanging on the handle of an old broom upon her shoulder, one going before her tinkling a small bell."

The wooden mortar and the cucking-stool were preserved at Sandwich in the middle of the last century, and are both engraved in one of Boys's plates. The cucking-stool is a very singular specimen; and is looked upon as a great curiosity; and on the arms and back were carved or painted figures of men and women scolding. A woman is made to call the man "knave," while the man applies to his fair antagonist a still more indecorous term. On the cross-rib at the back of the chair is the following inscription:—

OF MEMBERS YE TONGE IS WORST OR BEST;  
AN YLL TONGE OFTE DOETH BREED UN-  
RESTE.

Cole, as quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," has left us a curious account of the cucking-stools (which he calls ducking stools) formerly existing at Cambridge, ornamented in a similar manner. Writing in 1780, he says, "In my time, when I was a boy, I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, in which the woman was confined, and let down under the water three times, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was builded. The ducking-stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it were engraved devils laying hold of scolds &c. Some time after, a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same devils carved on it, and well painted and ornamented. When the new bridge of stone was erected, about 1754, this was taken away, and I lately saw the carved and gilt back of it nailed up by the shop of one Mr. Jackson, a whitesmith. In October, 1776, I saw in the old town-hall a third ducking-stool, of plain oak, with an iron bar before it to confine the person in the seat."

None of the cucking-stools preserved to our times, as far as we know, are ornamented in the manner of those at Sandwich, and Cambridge. A cut in a history of Ipswich, printed in 1830 (and reproduced in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of January 1831) gives a spirited sketch of the manner in which this chair is supposed to have been used, by attaching it to a crane which let

it down into the water. Another cucking-stool, recently sold in London, is engraved in Cruden's "History of Gravesend;" it is a mere square box, in which the offender was placed, and let down by a cord. An original cucking-stool, of ancient and rude construction, is preserved in the crypt of St. Mary's Church, in Warwick, with a three-wheeled carriage, on which it is supposed to have been suspended by a long balancing-pole, and so lowered into the water. In the old accounts of the town of Gravesend we find charges for wheels for the cucking-stool, and for bringing it into the market-place.

Lysons has given us an extract from the accounts of Kingston upon Thames, in the year 1572, relating to the cucking-stool there, which had wheels:—

"The making of the cucking-stool, 8s.

Iron-work for the same, 3s.

Timber for the same, 7s. 6d.

Three brasses for the same, and three wheels, 4s. 10d."

At Banbury, the cucking-stool and the pillory stood near each other, at the lower part of the market-place, where was also a horse-pool, and there are several entries in the town accounts of the middle of the sixteenth century relating to them.

In fact, nearly all town accounts during the sixteenth century and the commencement of the seventeenth contain entries relating to these implements of punishment. The practice of ducking continued through the whole of the seventeenth century, and the name, now no longer understood in its original form, began to be changed to *ducking-stool*. Instances of this punishment being put in practice occur as late as the middle of the last century. In Brand's "Popular Antiquities," an extract is given from a London newspaper of the year 1745, stating that "Last week, a woman that keeps the Queen's Head ale-house at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair, and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of two or three thousand people." The guilty individual appears to have been often carried to the place of punishment in procession by the mob. Our readers will remember the description of such a procession in "Hudibras," which makes the subject of one of Hogarth's illustrations of that poem. After the publication of Hogarth's plate, this procession was acted on the stage, and appears to have formed the principal attraction of a silly dramatic entertainment, entitled, "The Wedding: a tragi-comi-pastoral opera. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. With an Hudibrastick Skimington. Written by Mr. Hawker." More than one edition of this opera was

printed in 1734, with a plate slightly altered from Hogarth. It may be added, that one of Rowlandson's caricatures represents the process of ducking a scold.

The coarse satirical writers of the sixteenth century, to whose envenomed shafts the female sex was a frequent butt, often allude to the cucking-stool. One or two extracts are given by Sir Henry Ellis, in his notes to Brand's "Popular Antiquities." We may add the following. In a rare tract by M. P[arker], printed soon after the year 1600, under the title of "Harry White his Humour," it is observed, "Item, having lately read the rare history of patient Grizzell, out of it he hath drawne this philosophical position, that if all women were of that woman's condition, we should have no employment for cucking-stooles." A satirical ballad of the same period, in a manuscript in private hands, says of a riotous female—

"Cocke hir no more, but eart hir now,  
Provide the cookinge stoole,  
And if she scold better than I,  
Let me be thoughte a foole."

A prose satire, published in 1678, and entitled, "Poor Robin's True Character of a Scold," contains the following passage:—"A burr about the moon is not half so certain a presage of a tempest at sea, as her brow is of a storm on land. And though laurel, hawthorn, and seal-skin are held preservatives against thunder, magick has not yet been able to finde any amulet so sovereign as to still her ravings; for, like oyl pour'd on flames, good words do but make her rage the faster. And when once her flag of defiance, the tippet, is unfurl'd, she cares not a straw for constable nor cucking stool."

**Fashionable Novels.**—Among the moralists who keep themselves erect by the perpetual swallowing of pokers, it is the fashion to decry the "fashionable" novels. These works have their demerits; but a vast influence which they exert for an undeniable good, has never yet been duly considered. "Ingenuos didicisse fideliter libros, emollit mores nec sinit esse feros." Now, the fashionable novels are just the books which most do circulate among the class unfashionable; and their effect in softening the worst callosities—in smoothing the most disgusting asperities of vulgarism, is prodigious. With the herd to admire and attempt imitation are the same thing. What if, in this case, the manners imitated are frippery; better frippery than brutality—and, after all, there is little danger that the intrinsic value of the sturdiest iron will be impaired by a coating of even the most diaphanous gilt.—*E. A. Poe.*

## MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS.

(By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Dusk on the Waters," "Aparatus," and other Tragedies.)

If, from the gorgeous Sun, more genial rays,  
To warm and cheer humanity, unite;  
His sister-regent of the skies displays  
A more suggestive, soul-communing light—  
In this, the mystical and vast we trace;  
In that, a festal joy for all our race.  
Forth on the Fancy's musings!—o'er the sea,  
The Moon creates a causeway with her beams,  
Capacious in its shining pageantry,  
And broad, and firm, though undulous it seems;  
Awe creeps upon us as the distance blends,  
So glassy cold, with space that never ends,  
And our thoughts reach it, chaster'd and subdued,  
The flesh is weak to grasp the spherul solitude.

Lo! moonlight on the waters—where, congeal'd,  
The Frost-King piles them for his crystal halls,  
And dwells on peaks whose whiteness is reveal'd  
In light that daunts the gazer, yet enralls.  
Up, giddy mortal! up the dazzling steep,  
And shiver—like the sprites whom Dante shrin'd  
In ice—an avalanche beneath thee sweeps!  
The valleys shriek! look upward, not behind;  
The fascination of the headlong mass  
Might snatch thee after—onward, upward pass;  
A shadow grows colossal, 'midst the range  
Over against thee on thy shipp'ry height, (strange  
And, when thou mov'st, it moves—how ghastly  
This spectre on the snows, trac'd darkly to the sight.

Exchange the scene, and, wand'ring hill and dale,  
In milder regions, mark the lunar rays  
Splash in the waterfall; or, silv'ry pale, [plays;  
Dance on the stream wherewith the west wind  
Or, slithering through some Vall' Ombrusa's boughs,  
Smile on yon pair, soul-deep in lovers' rous.  
Now, wait thee to the ocean's maze, wherein  
Venice admires herself—like Eve beside  
The fountain—and thy pilgrimage begin,  
With the moon fall upon her palac'd tide;  
Or, at high Summer, in thy native clime,  
To music echoing from some woody shore,  
Hall, 'neath the starry heavens, the light sublime  
Which Night, and Night's chaste Queen, upon  
The waters pour.

Inner Temple, 1846.

—Hood's Magazine for March.

## Reviews.

*Foreign Quarterly Review for April.*  
[Chapman and Hall.]

More lively and amusing than the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, this able journal is quite their equal in talent and profundity; while in varied knowledge, in richness of language, and eloquence which claptrap hits thereupon—they do not affect mere wit and playing with politics—but they write with a dignity and loftiness of thought quite statesmanlike, because by observation and reflection they have fitted themselves to be statesmen. Profound political axioms, philosophical and wise remarks on men and manners, abound throughout. We shall illustrate our position by a con-



stant succession of paragraphs that must convince our readers at once of the correctness of our opinion. At the same time, we do not pledge ourselves to all the opinions quoted, but in all cases admire the talent of the *morceaux* selected. The first article is on the present state of Spain, giving, with a master hand, a picture of affairs in that unhappy country. It explains facts and circumstances unknown before. Of the review of George Sand we shall say nothing, passing to a splendid review of Michelet's *Peuple*. Of the profound state-paper—we can call it nothing less—on the present war in India, we shall only say that it breathes the perfume of genius in every line. With its opinions we have nothing to do; but those who differ and those who agree will be equally delighted with its masterly management of the subject. The most pleasing article to our taste, however, is the "English in Borneo." It is the only one we have read not wholly made up from Keppel's very interesting book. We quote the following:

"When the Portuguese first visited Borneo, in 1520, it contained three powerful Mohammedan kingdoms, with several rich and populous cities, carrying on a flourishing commerce with the neighbouring countries. The Chinese had settled on various parts of the coast in great numbers, and, by their enterprise and industry, chiefly, perhaps, contributed to keep alive its trade and develop its resources. Pigafetta's account of Bruni the capital of Borneo proper, suggests a very high idea of the wealth and population of the island at that period. He accompanied Magellan and saw what he describes; and, therefore, though there may be some unintentional exaggeration in his picture, it may yet be presumed upon the whole to bear a tolerably correct likeness to the original. From the narrative of the Indian traveller it would appear that Bruni, or Borneo City, contained upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, the number of the houses being stated at about 25,000, and many persons, according to the custom of the country, residing in one house. The sultan was opulent, kept a magnificent court, and seems to have possessed numerous elephants adorned with silken trappings, since he sent two of those animals thus richly caparisoned to bring the European messengers to his palace. From the number of his secretaries we may infer the spaciousness of his dominions, while the extent of his harem may suggest the way in which much of his revenues was consumed. At a considerably later period, in 1687, the world appeared to be on the verge of obtaining some account of the interior parts of the island, and of the barbarous tribes and nations by which they

are inhabited. For Father Antonio Ventimiglia, a Sicilian monk, setting out from Goa under the auspices of the Portuguese, arrived in the Benjermaing river, and after several unsuccessful attempts at length broke through the belt as it were of Moorish population, which extends apparently round the whole island, and contrived to reach the interior. Ventimiglia in enthusiasm and benevolence, was not unworthy to be the predecessor of Mr. James Brooke. He seems to have conceived the strongest possible desire to convert and civilise the pagan natives of Borneo, and risked, and at length sacrificed his life in the attempt. His story is full of romantic interest. Arriving in the river Benjermaing he there hired a small vessel, and by the fervour of his devotion, the striking ceremonies by which it was accompanied, but, above all, by the austerity of his life and the perfect disinterestedness of his character, produced a highly favourable impression on the simple minds of such natives of the interior, as frequented the mouth of the river in their prahus. There were the Brajus, who conceived so strong an affection for the worthy monk, that they carried him up along with them into their own country; and, at his persuasion, made profession of christianity. The sort of life led by Ventimiglia in the interior is unknown; but, as he is reported to have baptised great numbers of the natives, it may be conjectured that he altogether devoted himself to the work of conversion. It is not exactly known how long he survived; but, he is supposed to have died in the year 1691, in the midst of the little congregation he had converted; or, more properly perhaps, attached to himself, since the time allowed him was far too short to have operated any great change in the opinions and habits of thought of so uncultivated a people. He fell a victim in all likelihood to the climate, and is body is believed to have been long preserved in a cottage, to which, according to the notions of the Brajus, it imparted miraculous powers. There can scarcely be a doubt that this island was known to the Arabs for many centuries before it was visited by Europeans, and that it supplied the originals of several of the wildest pictures in the Arabian Nights. Smitten by the grandeur of its scenery, the Alpine loftiness of its mountains, the breadth and number of its rivers, the vast luxuriance of its vegetation, its riches in gold and diamonds, and spices, and odoriferous gums, the strange animals found in its forests, and above all, the wild tribes of pagan inhabiting its mountains, their uncouth rites and superstitions, the peculiar character of their dress and ornaments, their stature and colour, the construction

of their barks, and the roving piratical life to which many of them seem always to have been addicted; the Mussulman writers of Arabia and Egypt suffered their imaginations to run riot in this half-fabulous island. Even now it continues to be unexplored by science, though something has been done towards lifting the veil from certain portions of its coasts and rivers. Probably, as it is one of the largest, so it will be found to be the most beautiful island in the world; traversed in nearly its whole extent by a remarkable elevated chain of mountains, which attract and intercept the clouds, and convey down their moisture, through innumerable glens and valleys, towards the plains; it possesses a number of noble rivers, some of which are of great depth, and navigable to a considerable distance inland. Several of these take their rise, it is said, in a spacious lake, situated among the elevated table-lands of the interior, among the peaks of Keni Balu."

*Clarke's Dramatic Series.—The Broken Heart.*

[Hayward and Adam.]

Of this cheap and pleasing series three numbers have been for some time before the public; a fourth is published this day, containing "The Broken Heart," by Ford, which must have even more success than the former volumes. The preceding numbers contain, *The Mountaineers*, *The Poor Gentleman*, and *John Bull*, all by Colman; while *The Iron Chest* will form No. 5. Our illustration on the first page will give a faithful idea of the style in which these extraordinarily cheap works are got up, while the following from Charles Lamb must induce the reader to procure the play.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"I do not know where to find, in any play, a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as in this. This is, indeed, according to Milton, to describe high passions and high actions. The fortitude of the Spartan boy, who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake; a little bodily suffering. These torments

'On the purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense.'

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and in its weaknesses! Who would be less than Calantha? Who can be so strong? The expression of this

transcendent scene almost bears us in imagination to Calvary and the Cross; and we seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which we are here contemplating and the real agonies of that final completion to which we dare no more than hint a reference. Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels, in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul about mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella, in the play which stands at the head of the modern collection of the works of this author, we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shows hints of an imprævable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature."

*New Monthly Magazine,*

Edited by Ainsworth, contains the usual variety and ability. Spanish Ballads, by John Oxenford, are gems, one of which we shall transfer when we have space. The names of G. P. R. James, Marryat, Maxwell, are sufficient to command for this magazine a large amount of readers.

*Ainsworth's Magazine*

Contains nine chapters of a very well-executed adaptation of Piquillo Alliaga; *The Count of Monte Christo*; *Old St. Paul's*, by Ainsworth, one of his most picturesque romances; and several other amusing and able articles.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.* No. 118, New Series.

The only cheap publication which, combining the useful with the agreeable, has succeeded, by the mere force of talent and the services of men of the highest attainments, in gaining an influence and circulation unequalled in the history of literature. We can but say to the two admirable pioneers of civilisation and education who conduct it, go on and prosper. Tales, sketches, essays, scientific information, poetry, all combine to render it unique, while its selections are judicious and interesting.

*The Drama.*

"*The Crusaders*" at Drury Lane is a great and remarkable opera, while "*The Beggar on Horseback*" at the Haymarket is an equally admirable comedy. Both have served the treasury.

We are happy in being able to state that

the original English Antigone, Miss Vandenhoff, is so far on the road to recovery (by the aid of the sea breezes, &c.), from the effects of the accident to her knee, under which she has for a considerable time past been suffering, as to be likely, very soon, to find herself in a condition to fulfil some of her delayed and numerous engagements.—*Theatrical Journal*.

**Augsburgh, 19th March.**—The "Satyre of Sophocles," with Mendelssohn's music, was admirably performed here yesterday, by the Lizardtasil, or Harmonic Society. The chorus consisted of one hundred and sixty voices, assisted by a powerful band. The actors were Madame Sophie Schroder (who sustained the four parts of Antigone, her Sister, The Watcher, and Hæmon), Herr Schenk, and Herr Van Bree. A numerous audience attended, from all parts of Bavaria, and many members of both chambers.—*Augsburgh Gazette*.

### The Gatherer.

*Enterprise stimulated by Imagination.*—There would, however, be few enterprises of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to signalise himself in such a manner that he shall be summoned to the support of empires, solicited to accept the heiress of the crown which he has preserved, have honours and riches to scatter about him, and an island to bestow on his worthy squire, very few readers amidst their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted visions of the same kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally strange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own disappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourselves, except that he tells us what we have only thought.—*Johnson*.

*Kindness to Animals.*—Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to feed them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Gosse's Gleanings*.

*Suing for Damages.*—"Hilloa, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble, my boy; what's the matter with you?" "Oh, I had my feet crushed through the carelessness of a conductor the other day, between the cars,

that's all." "And don't you mean to sue for damages?" "Damages, no I have had damages enough from them already; hadn't I better sue for repairs?"—*American paper*.

*Home.*—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by parental love; by the innocence and sports of childhood; by the first acquaintance with nature; by linking the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There is a living and breathing spirit infused into nature. Every familiar object has a history; the trees have tongues, and the very air is vocal. There the vesture of decay doth not close in and controul the noble functions of the soul. It sees, and hears, and enjoys, without the ministry of gross and material substances.—*Leslie*.

*The American Excavator.*—A steam excavating machine, upon which the railway labourers have bestowed the name of the "American Devil," is now being employed at Hull in excavating the Victoria dock. It was invented about eight years ago by a gentleman of New York, and has been exclusively used in the formation of American railways. It consists of a portable steam-engine of about 16-horse power, and it is furnished with a crane, to which is attached a large square bucket of wood, armed with six tusks. These tusks pierce the earth, which at once fills the buckets, two buckets filling an earth wagon. The machine requires two engineers and three men, and does the work of 30 men, filling above 200 wagons per day, each wagon containing seven tons of earth.—*Railway Bell*.

*Transparency of Quicksilver.*—M. Melens has found that quicksilver in minute globules is transparent, and transmits a blue light, slightly tinged with violet. These globules are formed when a fine stream of water is dropped on a mercury bath; the drops of water, in consequence of falling with some force, become covered with a thin pellicle of mercury, which present the fact here stated. The result has been verified by Arago.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers will be given monthly on the wrapper. Our next number will contain the translation of a most picturesque and able tale, "Aphalo, or the Basque Smuggler," by A. Dubart Fauvet, taken from the *Observateur Français*, an admirable journal, published weekly in London.

To those correspondents who have at once given the new Editor assurances of good-will and support, our best thanks are tendered. Poetry, however, must be short and good. Quality, not quantity, is our motto. Advertisements will only be inserted on the monthly wrapper.

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